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Alfred V. Fazio, Editor. Printed in the U. S. A.

SIDNEY BULWER WAS FAR TOO SOPHISTICATED TO BELIEVE ANY NONSENSE ABOUT THE DEAD BEING ABLE TO RETURN TO EXACT VENGEANCE. BUT UNEASY DOUBTS BEGAN TO GNAW AT HIS MIND THE NIGHT HE DISCOVERED THAT...

DEATH RAPS TWICE!

TAKE YOUR MONEY, YOU CHEAP FRAUD... BUT DON'T DECEIVE YOURSELF THAT I'VE FALLEN FOR THIS CLAPTRAP ABOUT UNCLE AMOS COMING BACK FROM THE GRAVE!
N-NO... BEHIND YOU, SIR...!
BOB FORTUNE

BULWER HOUSE WAS A MAGNIFICENT PALACE WHERE OLD AMOS BULWER DEVOTED HIS FORTUNE TO HIS FABULOUS FLOWERS... AND WHERE HATE SEETHED IN HIS YOUNG NEPHEW'S BRAIN...

HIS NEXT ATTACK IS GOING TO BE UNCLE AMOS' LAST! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF WAITING ON HIM HAND AND FOOT, LIKE A SLAVE! I KNOW WHAT HE'S UP TO... HE HOPES TO DISSIPATE THE WHOLE BULWER FORTUNE ON THESE STINKING FLOWERS OF HIS, SO THAT THERE'S NOTHING LEFT FOR ME WHEN HE DIES! BUT I'M NOT GOING TO BE CHEATED!

SIDNEY... SIDNEY! WHERE ARE YOU, YOU WORTHLESS LOAFER? SIDNEY!
T-THERE HE GOES AGAIN, THE OLD MONSTER! LET HIM SCREAM A LITTLE LONGER... HE WON'T BE AROUND AFTER TODAY!

I'VE WARNED YOU TO KEEP AWAY FROM MY PRECIOUS BLOOMS UNLESS I GIVE YOU SPECIFIC INSTRUCTIONS TO COME INTO THE GREENROOM! MY FLOWERS ARE WORTH FAR TOO MUCH TO HAVE YOU BUMBLE AROUND IN HERE!
Y-YES UNCLE...

M-MY PRIZE ORCHID! YOU'VE BEEN NEGLECTING IT, YOU NINCOMPOOP! I TOLD YOU TO MOVE IT INTO THE SUNLIGHT EVERY DAY! LOOK ALIVE, NOW... MOVE IT! I WANT IT TO BE ALIVE WHEN I CROSS ITS POLLEN WITH THE NEW ONE THAT'S ON ITS WAY HERE!
YES, UNCLE AMOS.

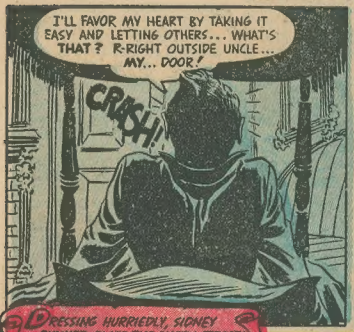
THAT FLOWER HAS COST ME FIFTY-THOUSAND DOLLARS TO RAISE! I DON'T INTEND THE LIKES OF YOU TO HARM MY INVESTMENT!
FIFTY-THOUSAND THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN MINE! THE REST OF THE FORTUNE WILL BE, FROM NOW ON...

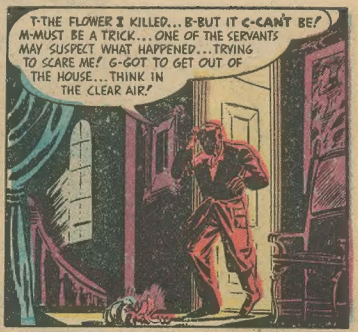
YOU WANTED IT MOVED, DEAR UNCLE? THERE IT IS... RIGHT AT YOUR FEET, WHERE YOU EXPECT ME TO GROVEL!
CRASHHHH!

M-MY PLANT... UNLESS IT'S REPLACED IN THAT SPECIAL SOIL IT WILL SHRIVEL AND DIE IN A FEW MINUTES! SIDNEY... H-HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND? T-THE PLANT... I-IT'S DYING BEFORE OUR EYES!!!
SO ARE YOU, DEAR UNCLE! ONLY YOU DON'T KNOW IT YET!
OOOO...

LAWBREAKERS

THIS IS WHAT I'D LIKE TO DO TO YOU, UNCLE AMOS... CRUSH YOUR WORTHLESS LIFE OUT WITH THE HEEL OF MY SHOE!
M-MY PRECIOUS FLOWERS... N-NO...NO!
CRUNCH
H-HEART... I'M GROWING FAINT! ATTACK... PLEASE, SIDNEY, HELP ME! Y-YOUR OWN FATHER DIED THIS WAY... YOU CAN'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO ME! PLEASE!
VERY DRAMATIC, UNCLE AMOS... BUT SEVERAL YEARS TOO LATE!
T-THE PILLS... T-THEY ARE NOT IN MY POCKET! SIDNEY... AGHHH... GET THEM FOR ME! SOMEDAY YOU'LL NEED HELP BECAUSE OF YOUR...
BECAUSE I, TOO, SUFFER FROM THE BULWER'S CHRONIC HEART CONDITION! I KNEW YOU'D REMIND ME OF MY PHYSICAL FAILINGS, UNCLE... AND SO I'M GOING TO HELP YOU!
... JUST OUT OF YOUR REACH, EH? THE WAY YOU'VE KEPT THE FAMILY FORTUNE FROM ME! SCREAM NOW, YOU OLD DEVIL... THESE ARE YOUR LAST MINUTES!
C-CAN'T BREATHE... EVERYTHING GROWING DARK... CHOKING...
AT LAST... DEAD! NOW I'LL PRETEND TO HAVE HEARD THE CRASH OF HIS BODY, DISCOVER HIM HERE... AND CALL THE DOCTOR! THEY'LL ALL HAVE TO ADMIT THAT UNCLE HAD HIS PILLS... BUT COULDN'T GET TO THEM IN TIME!
THE OLD MAN'S BED... MINE! LIKE THE HOUSE AND THE REST OF THE BULWER FORTUNE! HEE, HEE, HEE! NOW I CAN REALLY BEGIN TO LIVE...
AN HOUR LATER, AMOS BULWER WAS PRONOUNCED DEAD OF NATURAL CAUSES. AND A WEEK LATER, THE OLD MAN'S TRIUMPHANT NEPHEW INSTALLED HIMSELF AS MASTER OF BULWER HOUSE...


I'LL FAVOR MY HEART BY TAKING IT EASY AND LETTING OTHERS... WHAT'S THAT? R-RIGHT OUTSIDE UNCLE... MY... DOOR!
CRASH!


T-THE FLOWER I KILLED... B-BUT IT C-CAN'T BE! M-MUST BE A TRICK... ONE OF THE SERVANTS MAY SUSPECT WHAT HAPPENED... TRYING TO SCARE ME! G-GOT TO GET OUT OF THE HOUSE... THINK IN THE CLEAR AIR!

DRESSING HURRIEDLY, SIDNEY BULWER PACED THE EMPTY STREETS FOR HOURS. SUDDENLY ON A SHABBY SIDE STREET, HE SAW A SIGN WHICH MADE HIM STARE...
MAHAR-BIDU FORTUNE TELLER
WHY... THIS IS THE WOMAN UNCLE AMOS INVITED TO THE HOUSE SEVERAL TIMES! HMMM... IT'S A LOT OF NONSENSE, BUT A GOOD CHUCKLE MIGHT BE JUST THE THING TO STEADY MY NERVES!

I THINK I KNOW WHY YOU HAVE COME AT SUCH AN ODD HOUR, SENOR. IT IS IN REFERENCE TO YOUR DEAD UNCLE THAT YOU HAVE KNOCKED AT MY DOOR, IS IT NOT?
Y-YES... IN A WAY IT IS! WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT UNCLE AMOS?

YOUR UNCLE AND I WERE QUITE CLOSE, YOUNG MASTER BULWER. IN HIS LAST DAYS HE HAD BECOME EXTREMELY INTERESTED IN THE OCCULT... HAD BEGUN TO BELIEVE AS I ALWAYS HAVE THAT THE DEAD CAN RETURN FROM THE GRAVE!

HE DID, EH? SEE IF YOU CAN GET HIM ON THE LINE, THEN! I'D LIKE TO ASK THE OLD BUZ... ER... GENT... A FEW QUESTIONS. SUMMON HIS GHOST... OR WHATEVER YOU CALL IT!
I WILL TRY, SIR! YOUR UNCLE MOCKED AT FIRST, TOO... BUT HE CAME TO BELIEVE!

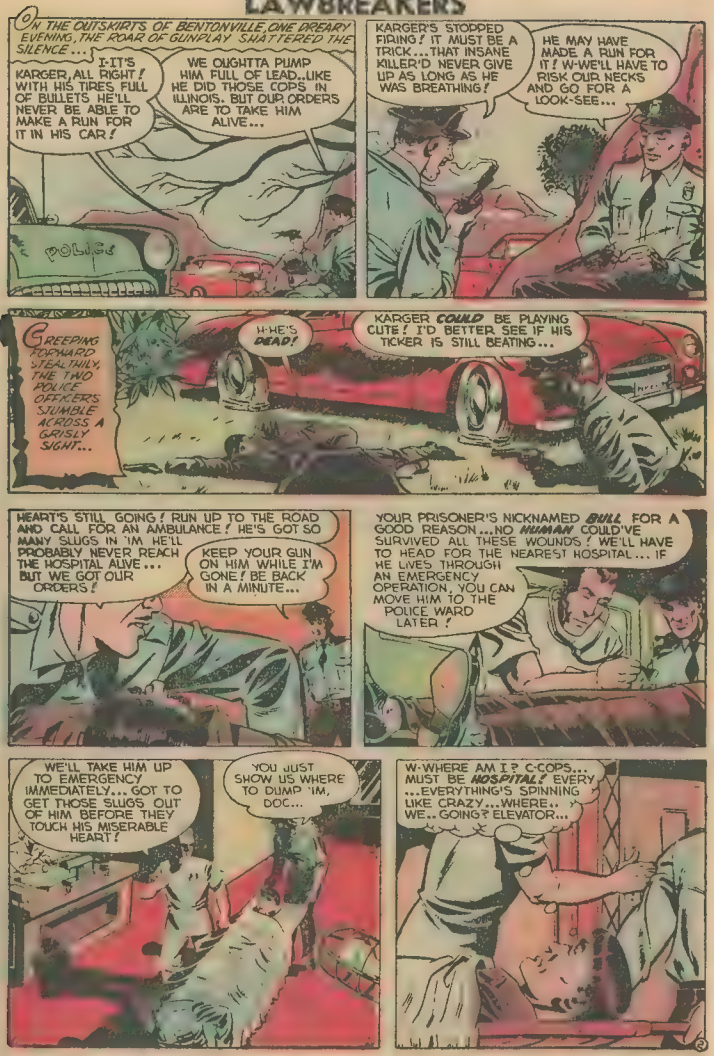
WHAT A LOUSY ACT! UNCLE AMOS MUST'VE GROWN SOFT IN THE BRAIN TO BELIEVE THIS STUFF!
H-HE IS HERE, IN THE ROOM WITH US! HIS SPIRIT IS STRONG... VERY STRONG! HE SEEMS ANXIOUS TO MAKE CONTACT WITH YOU... CAN YOU FEEL YOUR UNCLE'S PRESENCE?
I-I DON'T KNOW. THERE IS SOMETHING CREEPY IN HERE, NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT...
ASK YOUR QUESTIONS OF HIM, THEN. HE WILL ANSWER BY TAPPING ONCE TO SIGNIFY A NEGATIVE RESPONSE... TWICE TO INDICATE YES!
UNCLE AMOS... A-ARE YOU ANGRY WITH ME?
THAT M-MEANS...?
YOUR UNCLE IS TRYING TO TELL YOU HE IS ANGRY! QUICKLY, ANOTHER QUESTION WHILE HE IS STILL IN COMMUNICATION WITH US!
RAP! RAP!
Y-YOUR DEATH, UNCLE AMOS... DO YOU THINK I HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT?
RAP! RAP!
H-HE... SAID... YES!

Y-YOU CHEAP FAKER... YOU THINK YOU CAN TAKE ME IN WITH YOUR PHONEY MESSAGES FROM THE DEAD? HERE'S YOUR MONEY... BUY A MORE SUBTLE SCRIPT WRITER...
YOUR UNCLE'S SPIRIT, SIR... IT IS ALMOST TOO STRONG! SEE HOW THE CRYSTAL SHAKES..
I CAN'T SEEM TO CONTROL IT...
WHA...? ANOTHER TRICK, EH? CLEVER... BUT A LITTLE TOO THEATRICAL FOR MY TASTES! GOODBYE, MADAME BIDAY... GOODBYE, UNCLE AMOS!
SMASH!!!
THOUGHT SHE HAD ME GOING THERE, I'LL BET! I WONDER IF UNCLE AMOS COULD RETURN FROM THE GRAVE... WOULD HE TRY TO EXACT VENGEANCE ON ME?
T-THOSE SOUNDS... THEY'RE FOLLOWING ME! MUST BE THE EXCITEMENT OF THE LAST FEW DAYS WORKING ON MY BRAIN...
RAP! RAP!
G-GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE... RUN... CLEAR MY HEAD! IT'S ALL NONSENSE..
RAP! RAP!
C-CAN'T GO ANY MORE... M-MY HEART'S PUMPING LIKE A TRIP HAMMER! HAVE TO WATCH THE FAMOUS BULWER WEAKNESS! HEH HEH! IMAGINE ME FALLING FOR THIS CONVERSATION WITH THE DEAD BUSINESS! IMAGINE WHAT MY FRIENDS WOULD THINK! HA HA!

SIDNEY REACHES THE BULWER ESTATE JUST BEFORE DAWN AND IMMEDIATELY GOES TO THE GREENHOUSE TO LOCK UP BEFORE RETIRING..
GOOD LORD! ANOTHER ORCHID... AND A BILL WITH IT... $50,000 FOR THIS STINKING WEED!
BILLS! BILLS! ANOTHER $50,000 DOWN THE DRAIN. I'LL SMASH THIS LOUSY...
AS SIDNEY RAISES THE EXPENSIVE FLOWER OVER HIS HEAD TO CRASH IT TO THE FLOOR HE SLIPS ON A SMALL PUDDLE OF WATER... AND THE PLANT AS IF ALIVE, LEAPS FROM HIS HANDS... AND...
CRASH!
FROM HIS GRAVE, YOUR UNCLE SEEKS REVENGE
RAP! RAP!
ARGHH! PETALS... CHOKING ME... TO...DEATH!
C-CAN'T BREATHE... MERCY... UNCLE AMOS... MER... URGGHHH..
THE EARLY MORNING LIGHT FILTERS THROUGH, AND RESTS FOR A FLEETING MOMENT ON THE BODY OF A MAN SPRAWLED GROTESQUELY IN DEATH. WAS IT HIS WEAK HEART THAT FAILED, OR... WHAT DO YOU THINK?
RAP RAP

FOR THREE GUN-CRAZED YEARS, BULL KARGER HAD SLITHERED THROUGH POLICE DRAGNETS, WANTED IN A DOZEN STATES FOR COLD-BLOODED MURDER. KARGER SNEERED THAT HE WOULD NEVER BE EXECUTED FOR HIS CRIMES...SWORE HE WOULD...

Escape FROM THE Noose


ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF BENTONVILLE, ONE DREARY EVENING, THE ROAR OF GUNPLAY SHATTERED THE SILENCE...
I-IT'S KARGER, ALL RIGHT! WITH HIS TIRES FULL OF BULLETS HE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO MAKE A RUN FOR IT IN HIS CAR!
WE OUGHTTA PUMP HIM FULL OF LEAD..LIKE HE DID THOSE COPS IN ILLINOIS. BUT OUR ORDERS ARE TO TAKE HIM ALIVE...
POLICE
KARGER'S STOPPED FIRING! IT MUST BE A TRICK...THAT INSANE KILLER'D NEVER GIVE UP AS LONG AS HE WAS BREATHING!
HE MAY HAVE MADE A RUN FOR IT! W-WE'LL HAVE TO RISK OUR NECKS AND GO FOR A LOOK-SEE...
CREEPING FORWARD STEALTHILY, THE TWO POLICE OFFICERS STUMBLE ACROSS A GRISLY SIGHT...
H-HE'S DEAD!
KARGER COULD BE PLAYING CUTE! I'D BETTER SEE IF HIS TICKER IS STILL BEATING...
HEART'S STILL GOING! RUN UP TO THE ROAD AND CALL FOR AN AMBULANCE! HE'S GOT SO MANY SLUGS IN 'IM, HE'LL PROBABLY NEVER REACH THE HOSPITAL ALIVE... BUT WE GOT OUR ORDERS!
KEEP YOUR GUN ON HIM WHILE I'M GONE! BE BACK IN A MINUTE...
YOUR PRISONER'S NICKNAMED BULL FOR A GOOD REASON...NO HUMAN COULD'VE SURVIVED ALL THESE WOUNDS! WE'LL HAVE TO HEAD FOR THE NEAREST HOSPITAL... IF HE LIVES THROUGH AN EMERGENCY OPERATION, YOU CAN MOVE HIM TO THE POLICE WARD LATER!
WE'LL TAKE HIM UP TO EMERGENCY IMMEDIATELY... GOT TO GET THOSE SLUGS OUT OF HIM BEFORE THEY TOUCH HIS MISERABLE HEART!
YOU JUST SHOW US WHERE TO DUMP 'IM, DOC...
W-WHERE AM I? C-COPS... MUST BE HOSPITAL! EVERY...EVERYTHING'S SPINNING LIKE CRAZY...WHERE.. WE.. GOING? ELEVATOR...
2

LAWBREAKERS

THE HOUSE SURGEON WILL BE READY IN EMERGENCY AS SOON AS WE GET THERE. HOPE WE CAN GET SOME SPEED OUT OF THIS CONTRAPTION!
T-THAT JERK... HE PRESSED THE ELEVATOR BUTTON FOR TWO! I-I'M ON THE...SECOND...FLOOR! GOT TO REMEMBER...COME IN HANDY...
WHEW...THIS SLUG WAS INCHES FROM HIS TICKER! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT, DOC...
HE'S STILL BREATHING... SOMEHOW! TAKE HIM TO THAT ROOM WE ARRANGED TO HOLD YOUR PRISONER, UNTIL THE POLICE AMBULANCE CAN TAKE HIM OFF OUR HANDS!
THE SAWBONES THOUGHT KARGER'D BE OUT FOR AN HOUR. LET'S GRAB US A SMOKE DOWNSTAIRS... THE INTERNE SAID HE'D WATCH FOR A FEW MINUTES.
I CAN USE A CIGARETTE! M-MY HANDS ARE STILL SHAKING...
I CAN FILL OUT MY REPORT WHILE YOU BOYS ARE RELAXING. I'LL STICK TO HIM LIKE ADHESIVE...
LOOKS LIKE KARGER'S ALL WET ABOUT NEVER HAVING HIS NECK STRETCHED! IN A COUPLA MONTHS HE'LL BE DANGLING FROM A ROPE FOR HIS MURDERS!
I-IT'S ME... AND THAT SQUIRT MEDICO... ALONE! HANG FROM A ROPE, WILL I? HEH HEH... THOSE DUMB COPS ARE IN FOR A BIG SURPRISE!

THE LAW WON'T EVER PUT A NOOSE AROUND BULL KARGER'S NECK! WHEN I KICK THE BUCKET.. IT'LL BE BECAUSE I'VE ARRANGED IT MYSELF!

NO JAIL'S EVER HELD BULL KARGER BEFORE ...AND NO LOUSY HOSPITAL CAN, EITHER!

Y-YOU... YOU... AGHHHH!
CRASHH!

THESE SHEETS TIED TOGETHER WILL HELP ME GET OUTTA THIS JAM...

HEH HEH! NOT EVEN A BAR ON THE WINDOW! MUSTA THOUGHT I'D BE UNCONSCIOUS FOR HOURS! THEY THOUGHT I WAS AN ORDINARY MUGG...THEIR MISTAKE WAS IN NOT RECKONING WITH BULL KARGER!

R-REACHED THE END OF THE SHEETS... STILL HAVEN'T TOUCHED THE GROUND! BUT IT C-CAN'T BE TOO MUCH FURTHER ...MEBBE A FEW FEET!

D-DARK AS A COAL MINE OUT HERE... WINDOW MUST LOOK OUT ON AN INSIDE SHAFT! ARM'S BEGINNING TO HURT... BUT I'VE GOT TO ESCAPE!

I'LL JUMP THE REST OF THE WAY! W-WHAT AM I WAITING FOR? IT'S ONLY THE SECOND FLOOR... HERE GOES!

W-WHAT WAS THAT? SOUNDED LIKE A...
JUST YOUR NERVES ...YOU'RE ALL ON EDGE LIKE ME! IT ISN'T EVERY DAY YOU BRING IN A PUBLIC ENEMY LIKE BULL KARGER!

WE BETTER GET BACK TO KARGER'S ROOM...HE MAY SURPRISE ALL OF US AND RECOVER CONSCIOUSNESS FASTER'N WE THINK... I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE THAT INTERNE ALONE WITH A KILLER! C'MON...
RIGHT WITH YOU!
CITY HOSPITAL

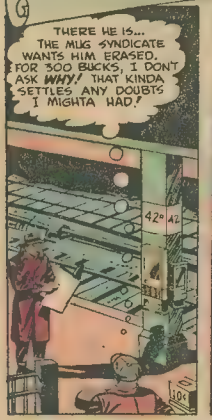
KARGER'S TALK ABOUT NEVER LETTING THE LAW PUT A ROPE AROUND HIM ... I- I'VE GOT A HUNCH HE MAY BE RIGHT...
DON'T BE A SIMP! WE'VE GOT HIM CORNERED IN THAT HOSPITAL ROOM... HE'LL NEVER ESCAPE THAT NOOSE!

T-THE ONLY THING THAT'LL CONVINCE ME IS SEEING HIM SWING IN THE BREEZE! STILL... EVERY-THING'S QUIET!
SURE! LIKE I TOLD YOU ... KARGER'S NUMBER IS UP THIS TIME!

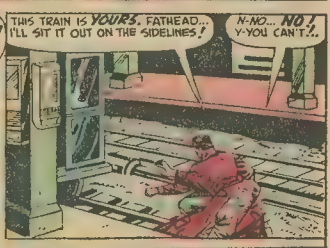
WE'LL MOVE HIM BACK TO THE SECOND FLOOR, SO WE'LL BE EASIER TO CARRY OUT WHEN THAT POLICE AMBULANCE GETS HERE!
LUGGING HIM DOWN FROM THE NINTH FLOOR, HERE, ISN'T GOING TO BE ANY LAUGHING MATTER! THAT GUY IS DEAD WEIGHT...
922

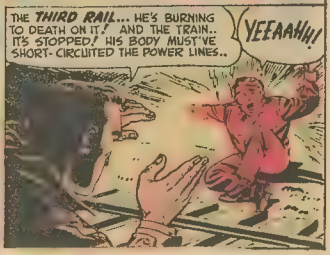
NED BRENT HAD A JOB TO DO... ..A NIGHT'S WORK MEANT A NICE BANKROLL IN EXCHANGE FOR A FEW SECONDS OF MURDER! IT WAS RISKY, ALL RIGHT... BUT NED BRENT WASN'T AFRAID OF THE...

HOT SEAT!



BEEN TRAILING THIS GUY ALL WEEK... HIS ROUTINE DON'T EVER SEEM TO CHANGE HE'LL BE CATCHING THE UP-TOWN EXPRESS THAT PASSES THROUGH HERE IN EXACTLY 3 MINUTES...
GUM 1¢




THE THIRD RAIL... HE'S BURNING TO DEATH ON IT! AND THE TRAIN.. IT'S STOPPED! HIS BODY MUST'VE SHORT-CIRCUITED THE POWER LINES..
YEEAAHH!

THE VIBRATIONS OF DESTRUCTION

Detective John Henderson examined the blackmail note very carefully and then talked to the man at his side.

"Cheap stationery. The kind you can buy in any five and ten in town. Pica type and we could tell the make of typewriter used. But never in my experience on the Blackmail Squad have I ever seen anything like this. Almost too fantastic to be true."

"I agree with you," replied Williard Drucker, the famous bridge builder. "But what am I to do? The writer informs me to collect the sum of $100,000 or he will destroy the bridge. Later he will tell me where to leave the money. He says that tomorrow morning he will cause a girder on the office building they are erecting on Main Street to smash. Just to show me he can wreck anything made out of steel."

"Chances are a crank wrote this note," conceded the detective. "But you must play safe. I will go over with you to that building and show them this note and ask them to keep the men off the building."

Bill O'Brien wasn't afraid of anything that walked on two or four feet. His job was to erect that new building on Main Street. He had just listened attentively to what his two visitors told him.

"I'm three days behind schedule. Just because some crank wrote this crazy letter you want me to lose another day. You can't legally stop me so I'm going ahead. And I'll be on the top girder with my boys. Just wait around and you'll see nothing happens."

It was ten in the morning and Bill O'Brien was on the thirteenth floor of the building on Main Street. He was talking to his foreman, Joe Garantz.

"I'm glad we didn't say anything to the men, Joe. But we got them off this floor. Here we are on a girder at the edge of the building. Nothing has happened."

"There's a funny vibration I feel through my shoes, Mr. O'Brien," replied the foreman. "As though the girder were shaking."

Before the builder could answer, the girder split, crashed over the side of the building and hurled the two men to a terrible death on the street below.

The reporters were all around Detective John Henderson and Williard Drucker. Herb Guttman, of the DAILY POST, came right to the point.

"This blackmailer seems to have found out how to make steel vibrate and smash. Definitely he can wreck the bridge. Are you going to pay the money?"

"Title to the partially built bridge is in the county," replied the bridge builder. "The authorities have given me the money and told me to pay the blackmail. They are convinced the bridge can be wrecked. I am to go out in a fishing boat by myself. A man will pass me and ask me if I have purple bait. I am to give him the money."

A week had passed since the blackmail had been paid and the town people were feeling better. Then Roy Markenson who was erecting a sports arena got a similar blackmail note which he immediately took to Detective John Henderson.

"They want $50,000 from me," complained Roy Markenson. "To show me what will happen if I don't pay the money, I am to go to the Hight's Street Railroad Station on Friday. All the signal towers will collapse."

"We will be at the Railroad Station and this time we will have traffic stopped. The Governor will cooperate and declare a state of emergency. Williard Drucker asked to be in on anything that develops. He wants to get the person behind all this."

"On Friday morning an entire area had been roped off and was being patrolled by National Guard troops. Not a single train was running on that section of the railroad and traffic had been diverted to other branches of the railroad. The three men watched and suddenly Williard Drucker shouted at the top

of his voice.

"Look out! The signal towers are collapsing!"

Tons of steel came crashing down to the ground. Fortunately, this time, not a person was killed or injured. But Herb Guttman, who was there to cover the story for his paper, expressed the thought every sensible man must have had.

"You are going to have panic in this city. In every office building, in every apartment house, in every factory, over every highway, there will be the feeling that there is an unknown force that can strike at will. How do you fight the unknown?"

"By making it known," snapped back the detective. "There is a human being doing all this and we'll get him. Somehow he will make a mistake. Perhaps only a slight slip up and then we'll nab him."

Directions to pay the blackmail were almost the same as in the previous case. But the detective had a different plan in mind.

"You go with Mr. Markenson in the boat," he told the bridge builder. "We will have a high altitude plane in the sky with telescopic sights. They will pinpoint your boat and be able to keep track of the boat that comes up to you for the money. Then they will at once radio directions and instructions to a picked group of our men. They will be ready in boats, cars, and helicopters to close in on a trap. We'll get our man this time!"

At End's Pier, Roy Markenson and Williard Drucker got into a fast motor boat. The money was in a waterproof canvas bag. They headed the boat to a given spot which had been designated in a second note from the blackmailer. But when the boat was overdue, a Coast Guard Boat set out for it with Detective John Henderson aboard. Following directions given by the high altitude plane, they finally picked up the boat some ten miles off its course. Only the bridge builder was in the boat. He was bleeding and wounded. They took him aboard the Coast Guard Boat and finally he was able to talk.

"What happened was terrible," he groaned. "We were at our destination when suddenly a creature appeared at the side of the boat. At first I thought it was a fish. Then I realized it was a human in disguise with a lung apparatus. Roy went for him and was dragged overboard in a second. I tried to fight but was knocked unconscious. When I got back to my senses the bag with the money was gone. But I guess we fooled him this time. All he got for his trouble was pieces of newspaper cut up to resemble bills."

The next day the newspapers of the city all received a similar message from the blackmailer.

"I was fooled and did not get money. Roy Markenson is dead and at the bottom of the sea. As a lesson to the city I will now destroy the entire sports arena he was building. Then I will wreck an office building every day for a week. Don't try to fool me next time. I want two million dollars. Instructions will follow later."

The exodus from the city had begun. Traffic was directed to upstate towns. But there were sturdy souls that refused to be terrorized. They remained behind to watch the sports arena crumble to the ground.

"This lunatic could wreck our entire nation," commented Herb Guttman. "My paper alone is offering a reward of twenty-five thousand dollars for information leading to the arrest and conviction of this blackmailer. At this moment the total amount of reward money is about two hundred thousand dollars. And in real good U.S. money!"

Williard Drucker watched silently as crews of men began at once to remove the smashed remains of the partially built sports arena.

"A man like the blackmailer with such power could ultimately rule this nation. And then the world."

The bridge builder rode next to the detective as the two headed away from the scene of recent destruction.

"The man who built the apparatus designed for this destruction must have had some scientific training and background in physics," said the detective. "His motive was money and probably the desire for power. But in order to build his apparatus he had to have parts. Not parts that he could manufacture but parts which he had to purchase. So we had five of our top physicists figure out tentative plans for a vibration machine that would destroy steel. Then we checked local radio part concerns for recent sales. Gave us several leads."

The car stopped at Police Headquarters and both men got out.

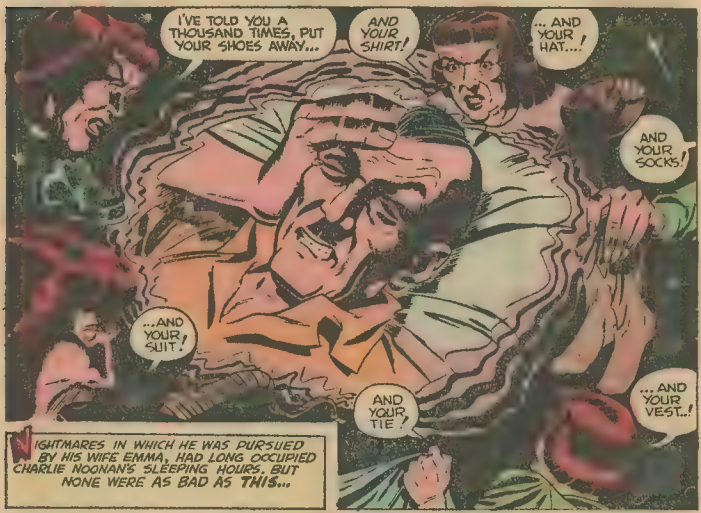
"I'll pick up a cab here and go to my office," said the bridge builder.

In a minute the bracelets were on his hands.

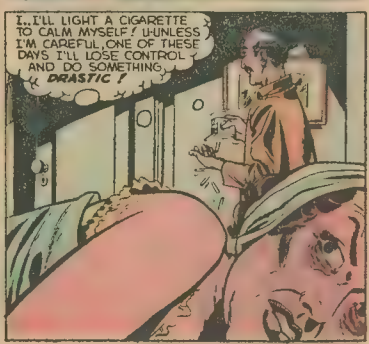
"You're going right inside with me," ordered the detective. "Don't forget you are a killer. The two men on the girder. And you also killed Roy. That's how you betrayed yourself. How did you know there was newspaper in the canvas bag? Even Roy himself didn't know. Not unless you opened it. You made your mistake and believe me, it will be your last mistake . . ."

THROUGHOUT SIX HARROWING YEARS OF MARRIAGE, CHARLIE NOONAN WAS TERRORIZED BY HIS WIFE'S SCATHING TONGUE AND HER INCESSANT DEMAND FOR NEATNESS! THEN, SUDDENLY, A STARTLING CHANGE IN CHARLIE'S CHEMISTRY MADE HIM RESOLVE TO FOREGO HIS SLOPPY WAYS... TO BECOME SYSTEMATIC AND ORDERLY ENOUGH TO COMMIT...

MURDER ON TIME!


I'VE TOLD YOU A THOUSAND TIMES, PUT YOUR SHOES AWAY...
AND YOUR SHIRT!
... AND YOUR HAT...!
AND YOUR SOCKS!
...AND YOUR SUIT!
AND YOUR TIE!
... AND YOUR VEST..!

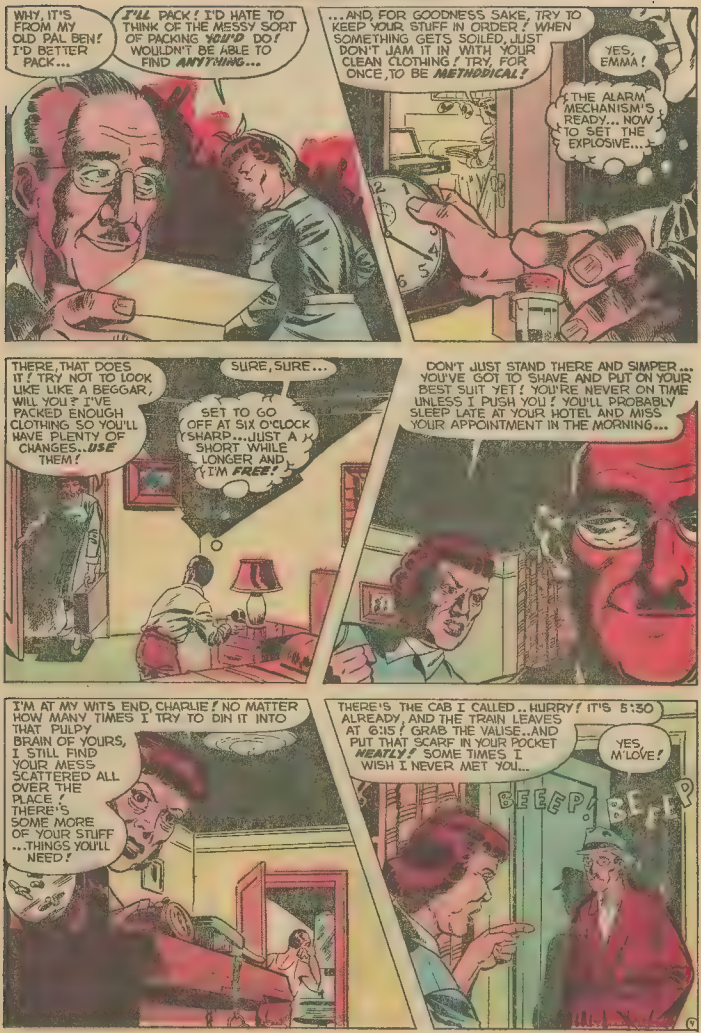
NIGHTMARES IN WHICH HE WAS PURSUED BY HIS WIFE EMMA, HAD LONG OCCUPIED CHARLIE NOONAN'S SLEEPING HOURS. BUT NONE WERE AS BAD AS THIS...

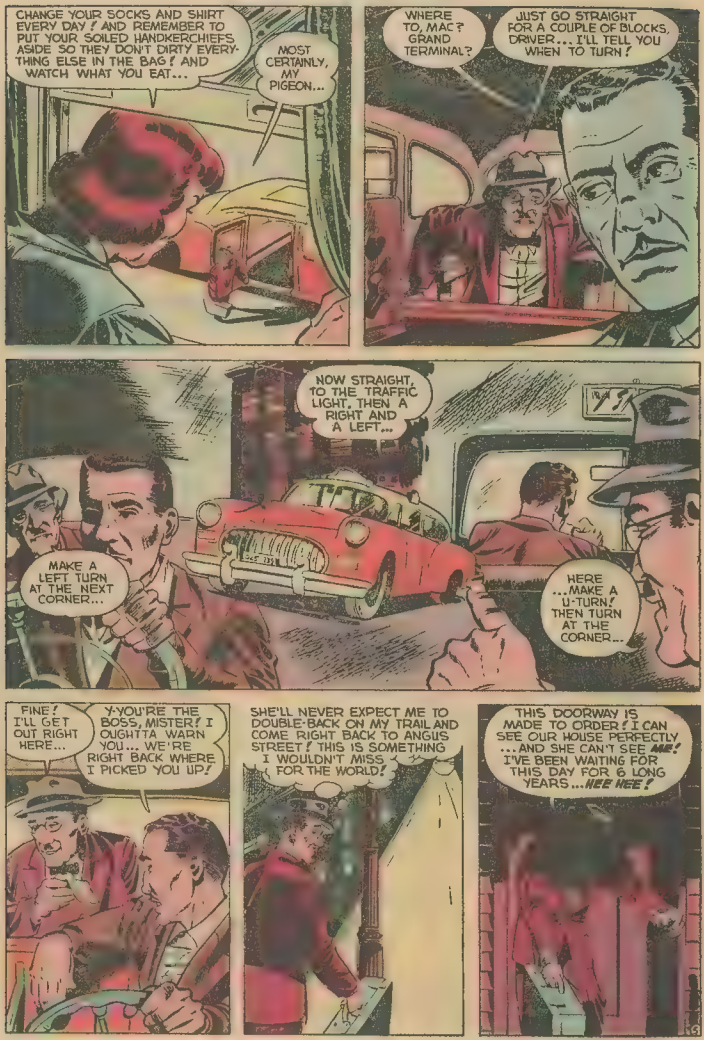


LAWBREAKERS

E-EMMA... I..I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE AWAKE...
LOOK WHAT YOU DID, YOU SLOB! CASAREITES ALL OVER THE RUG! I NEARLY BROKE MY BACK CLEANING THIS ROOM TODAY...
D-DON'T YOU TROUBLE YOURSELF, EMMA ... I'LL PICK UP THOSE...
THE MATCH, YOU IDIOT! HAVEN'T I FORBIDDEN YOU TO SMOKE IN THE BED-ROOM? I WORK MY FINGERS TO THE BONE, AND YOU...
P-PLEASE DON'T EXCITE YOURSELF...
THE ASH! SCATTERED ALL OVER THE FLOOR! I SHOULD'VE LISTENED TO MAMA WHEN SHE WARNED THAT YOU WERE NOTHING BUT A DISORGAN-IZED NINCOMPOOP!
I CAN'T STAND THIS ANYMORE... GOT TO GET DOWN TO THE SHOP ...PLUNGE INTO WORK TO KEEP FROM DOING SOMETHING TERRIBLE!
...AND HANG UP YOUR NIGHTSHIRT, YOU SLOVENLY BOOB! I'M SICK OF CLEANING UP AFTER YOU! SICK TO DEATH OF YOUR SLOPPY WAYS!
SICK TO DEATH, EH? MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING I CAN DO ABOUT THAT, EMMA! BOOB, AM I ... AND NINCOMPOOP .. AND SLOB? I'LL SHOW YOU.. YOU NEAT OL' DRAGON!
...IL THE WEE HOURS OF THAT MORNING, CHARLIE NOONAN WORKED IN HIS LITTLE SHOP. AND SLOWLY HIS FRIGHT TURNED TO CUNNING, THEN TO DETERMINATION...
EMMA WON'T PESTER ME, ANYMORE ...NOT AFTER I BRING THIS ALARM CLOCK HOME AND RIG IT UP! HEH-HEH! SHE'LL NEVER BOTHER ME AGAIN!

ON MY WAY HOME I'LL STOP AND GET A PINCH OF THAT EXPLOSIVE I READ ABOUT. THEN I'LL SEND MYSELF THE TELEGRAM I FIGGERED OUT AND... HEE HEE ... I'LL BE FREE! FREE TO BE AS SLOPPY AS I PLEASE!
THIS TELEGRAM SHOULD BE DELIVERED IN AN HOUR, SIR? I'LL GET TO WORK ON IT RIGHT NOW...
THAT'LL BE SWELL, GIRLIE... I KNOW MR. NOONAN'LL BE ANXIOUS TO RECEIVE IT!
HA HA HA! THAT TELEGRAM'LL BE AT THE HOUSE BY 4 O'CLOCK! GIVES ME TIME TO MAKE MY ARRANGEMENTS, THEN AMSCRAY! HEE HEE HEE! FIRST TIME I'VE FELT THIS LIGHTHEADED IN SIX YEARS!
SALE!
'LO, EMMA... THOUGHT I'D COME HOME A LITTLE EARLIER THAN...
DON'T START BY DROPPING YOUR COAT AND HAT ON THE FLOOR! HANG THE STUFF UP NEATLY! I JUST DUSTED!
SORRY I GOT YOU ALL RILED UP THIS MORNING, EMMA. DECIDED TO MAKE UP BY BRINGING YOU THIS...
LOOK AT THE MESS YOU'VE MADE! TRYING TO KEEP THIS PLACE CLEAN IS IMPOSSIBLE, WITH A PIG LIKE YOU AROUND! PICK THAT STUFF UP!
BRINGGGG
WASN'T THAT THE DOOR, EMMA? OH.. YOU GOT IT ALREADY. ANYTHING IMPORTANT?
CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT IT IS, STUPID? A TELEGRAM!
EASTERN UNION
CHARLES ROONAN
17 ANDES AVENUE
BRANCHTOWN
MEET ME IN TRENTON AT 10 TOMORROW MORNING
BIG BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY AWAITS YOU
TRAIN LEAVING BRANCHTOWN 6:15 PM WILL GET
YOU HERE IN TIME
BEN NESTOR


WHY, IT'S FROM MY OLD PAL BEN! I'D BETTER PACK...
I'LL PACK! I'D HATE TO THINK OF THE MESSY SORT OF PACKING YOU'D DO! WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO FIND ANYTHING...
...AND, FOR GOODNESS SAKE, TRY TO KEEP YOUR STUFF IN ORDER! WHEN SOMETHING GETS SOILED, JUST DON'T JAM IT IN WITH YOUR CLEAN CLOTHING! TRY, FOR ONCE, TO BE METHODICAL!
YES, EMMA!
THE ALARM MECHANISM'S READY... NOW TO SET THE EXPLOSIVE...
THERE, THAT DOES IT! TRY NOT TO LOOK LIKE A BEGGAR, WILL YOU? I'VE PACKED ENOUGH CLOTHING SO YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF CHANGES... USE THEM!
SURE, SURE...
SET TO GO OFF AT SIX O'CLOCK SHARP... JUST A SHORT WHILE LONGER AND I'M FREE!
DON'T JUST STAND THERE AND SIMPER... YOU'VE GOT TO SHAVE AND PUT ON YOUR BEST SUIT YET! YOU'RE NEVER ON TIME UNLESS I PUSH YOU! YOU'LL PROBABLY SLEEP LATE AT YOUR HOTEL AND MISS YOUR APPOINTMENT IN THE MORNING...
I'M AT MY WITS END, CHARLIE! NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES I TRY TO DIN IT INTO THAT PULPY BRAIN OF YOURS, I STILL FIND YOUR MESS SCATTERED ALL OVER THE PLACE! THERE'S SOME MORE OF YOUR STUFF ...THINGS YOU'LL NEED!
THERE'S THE CAB I CALLED.. HURRY! IT'S 5:30 ALREADY, AND THE TRAIN LEAVES AT 6:15! GRAB THE VALISE..AND PUT THAT SCARF IN YOUR POCKET NEATLY! SOME TIMES I WISH I NEVER MET YOU...
YES, M'LOVE!
BEEEP! BEEEP


CHANGE YOUR SOCKS AND SHIRT EVERY DAY! AND REMEMBER TO PUT YOUR SOILED HANDKERCHIEFS ASIDE SO THEY DON'T DIRTY EVERYTHING ELSE IN THE BAG! AND WATCH WHAT YOU EAT...
MOST CERTAINLY, MY PIGEON...
WHERE TO, MAC? GRAND TERMINAL?
JUST GO STRAIGHT FOR A COUPLE OF BLOCKS, DRIVER... I'LL TELL YOU WHEN TO TURN!
NOW STRAIGHT, TO THE TRAFFIC LIGHT, THEN A RIGHT AND A LEFT...
MAKE A LEFT TURN AT THE NEXT CORNER...
HERE ...MAKE A U-TURN! THEN TURN AT THE CORNER...
FINE! I'LL GET OUT RIGHT HERE...
Y-YOU'RE THE BOSS, MISTER! I OUGHTTA WARN YOU... WE'RE RIGHT BACK WHERE I PICKED YOU UP!
SHE'LL NEVER EXPECT ME TO DOUBLE-BACK ON MY TRAIL AND COME RIGHT BACK TO ANGUS STREET! THIS IS SOMETHING I WOULDN'T MISS FOR THE WORLD!
THIS DOORWAY IS MADE TO ORDER! I CAN SEE OUR HOUSE PERFECTLY ...AND SHE CAN'T SEE ME! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS DAY FOR 6 LONG YEARS ...HEE HEE!

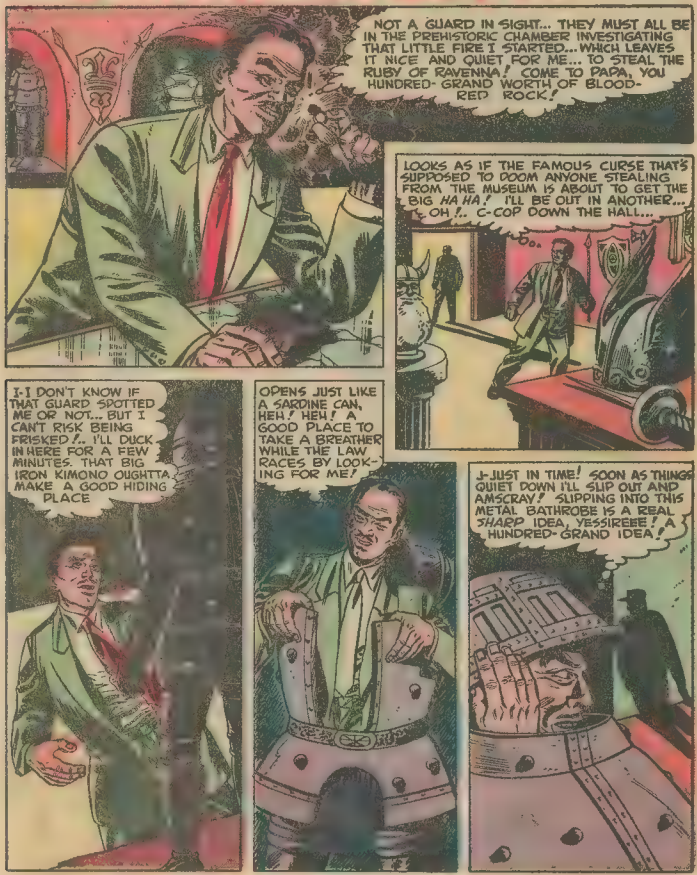
LAWBREAKERS

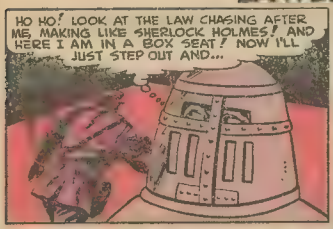
THERE SHE IS... DOING SOME MORE OF HER CLOSED TIDYING UP! NEATNESS... NEATNESS... NEATNESS! ENOUGH TO DRIVE ANYONE NUTS! BUT ALL THAT'LL SOON BE OVER...
...ALMOST 6 O'CLOCK ALREADY! THIS PLAN HAS A NEATNESS THE OLD WITCH WOULD NEVER APPRECIATE! ALL SHE EVER KNEW WAS NAG, NAG, NAG!
AT EXACTLY 6 O'CLOCK... SHE'LL RACE TO TURN THE ALARM OFF. THE FUSE IS SET FOR 10 SECONDS. SHE'LL BE CLOSE BY THE CLOCK THEN. WHEN IT GOES OFF IT'LL TRIGGER THE EXPLOSIVE AND... I CAN HEAR THE ALARM BELL RINGING!
ONLY EIGHT MORE SECONDS LEFT TO YOUR WORTHLESS LIFE, EMMA... SEVEN... SIX...
T-THE ALARM.. IT'S RINGING RIGHT INSIDE MY VALISE! IT'S GOT ME HEMMED IN! E EVEN IF I MAKE A DASH FOR IT THE BLAST'LL KILL ME!
E EMMA... HER NEATNESS... MUST'VE PACKED THE CLOCK IN MY BAG! THREE SECONDS LEFT ..TWO.. ONE!
R R RIN G
G G!

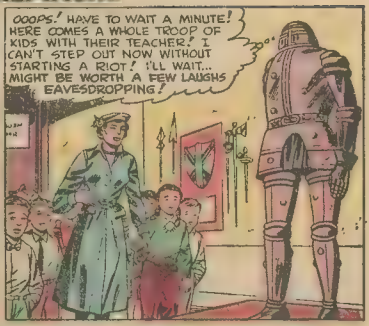
CAUGHT YOUR BREATH, DEAR READER? WELL, THEN, HOW DO **YOU** THINK THIS MACABRE LITTLE GEM WORKED OUT? SEND YOUR IDEA OF THE STORY'S CONCLUSION TO CHARLTON COMICS, 900 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. THE BEST SYNOPSIS RECEIVED WILL BE ILLUSTRATED IN AN EARLY ISSUE OF "LAWBREAKERS **SUSPENSE STORIES**." THE WINNER WILL RECEIVE FULL CREDIT AND **$10 IN CASH!**

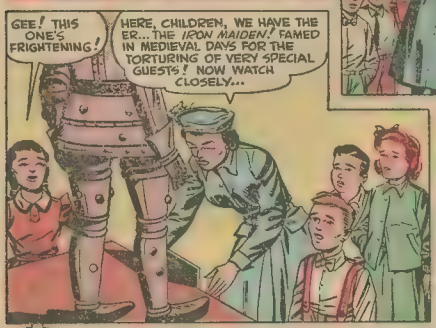
SLIPPING INTO THE MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES WAS A CINCH FOR A MAN AS RESOLUTE AS LESTER KINCAID... HE HAD AN EYE FOR DIAMONDS BUT NOT A KNOWLEDGE OF ANCIENT ARMOR AND TORTURE CHAMBERS. STEALING THE FABULOUS RUBY OF RAVENNA WAS AN INSPIRATION. AND FOR HIS ESCAPE, KINCAID HAD A TRULY...

SHARP IDEA !!!

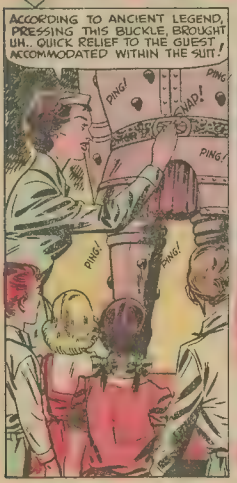

NOT A GUARD IN SIGHT... THEY MUST ALL BE IN THE PREHISTORIC CHAMBER INVESTIGATING THAT LITTLE FIRE I STARTED... WHICH LEAVES IT NICE AND QUIET FOR ME... TO STEAL THE RUBY OF RAVENNA! COME TO PAPA, YOU HUNDRED-GRAND WORTH OF BLOOD-RED ROCK!
LOOKS AS IF THE FAMOUS CURSE THAT'S SUPPOSED TO DOOM ANYONE STEALING FROM THE MUSEUM IS ABOUT TO GET THE BIG HA HA! I'LL BE OUT IN ANOTHER... OH!.. C-COP DOWN THE HALL...
I-I DON'T KNOW IF THAT GUARD SPOTTED ME OR NOT... BUT I CAN'T RISK BEING FRISKED!.. I'LL DUCK IN HERE FOR A FEW MINUTES. THAT BIG IRON KIMONO OUGHTTA MAKE A GOOD HIDING PLACE
OPENS JUST LIKE A SARDINE CAN, HEH! HEH! A GOOD PLACE TO TAKE A BREATHER WHILE THE LAW RACES BY LOOKING FOR ME!
J-JUST IN TIME! SOON AS THINGS QUIET DOWN I'LL SLIP OUT AND AMSCRAY! SLIPPING INTO THIS METAL BATHROBE IS A REAL SHARP IDEA, YESSIREBEE! A HUNDRED-GRAND IDEA!




OOOPS! HAVE TO WAIT A MINUTE! HERE COMES A WHOLE TROOP OF KIDS WITH THEIR TEACHER! I CAN'T STEP OUT NOW WITHOUT STARTING A RIOT! I'LL WAIT... MIGHT BE WORTH A FEW LAUGHS EAVESDROPPING!


GEE! THIS ONE'S FRIGHTENING!
HERE, CHILDREN, WE HAVE THE ER... THE IRON MAIDEN! FAMED IN MEDIEVAL DAYS FOR THE TORTURING OF VERY SPECIAL GUESTS! NOW WATCH CLOSELY...

THE CLASS SCURRIED UNEASILY FROM THE ROOM, AND THE TRANQUILLITY OF THE CENTURIES SETTLED BACK OVER THE DUSTY MEDIEVAL EXHIBITS.
THE WARRIORS' IRON MAIDEN



MRS. TERWILLIGER! S-SOUNDED LIKE A GROAN FROM INSIDE THE SUIT!
NONSENSE. IT'S JUST THAT THE MECHANISM I PRESSED PROBABLY HASN'T BEEN OILED IN CENTURIES! LET'S GO... THIS PLACE IS A TRIFLE GRISLY FOR CHILDREN, AND TEACHERS TOO!

THERE WAS ONLY SILENCE NOW... AND THE MOTIONLESS FIGURE STANDING INSIDE THE IRON MAIDEN... THE CORPSE OF A MAN WHO HAD FALLEN VICTIM TO HIS OWN SHARP IDEA.

The End

THE ENMITY BETWEEN THE TWO PARTNERS WAS FAST APPROACHING A DEADLY CLIMAX, WHEN FATE STEPPED IN TO FORCE A...

CHANGE IN SCRIPT!

D-DON'T, HERB! T-THAT GUN.. YOU'RE MAKING A *TRAGIC* MISTAKE!

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO MADE A MISTAKE, BENSON.. BY THINKING YOU COULD TURN STATE'S EVIDENCE AND HELP RAILROAD *ME*!

THE OFFICES OF THE ALLIED DRUG COMPANY HAD BEEN TROUBLED ALL WEEK. FOR INSTANCE, PARTNER HERB DEAN WAS WORRIED AS HE STUDIED THE LEDGER...

T-THAT SHIPMENT OF AMBUTAL I HAD DILUTED... I THINK BENSON MAY HAVE FOUND OUT ABOUT IT! HE'S GOT SOME NOTATIONS HERE IN THE LEDGERS WHICH INDICATE HE'S BECOME SUSPICIOUS...

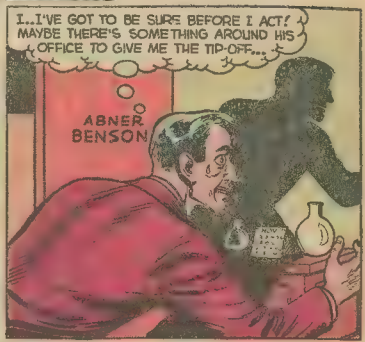
...WHILE PARTNER ABNER BENSON WAS SHOCKED BY A DREADFUL DISCOVERY...

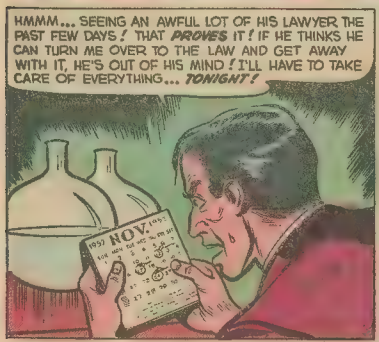
OUR W-WHOLE CONSIGNMENT OF AMBUTAL IS WRONG.. WE CAN GO TO PRISON FOR A MISTAKE LIKE THIS! I..I REALLY *AM* LOSING MY MIND!

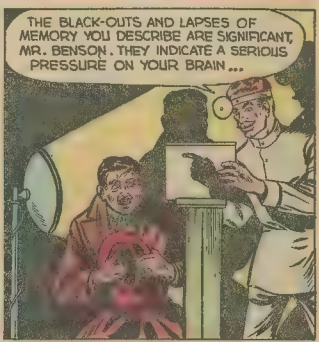
LAWBREAKERS

HE'S EXAMINING A VIAL OF THE STUFF... BENSON MUST KNOW! IF HE GOES TO THE POLICE...
ABNER BENSON
H-HE'S BEEN WATCHING ME CLOSELY ALL WEEK... DEAN MUST KNOW! I'LL BE DISGRACED IF HE TELLS THE AUTHORITIES!
ABNER BENSON
BECAUSE I HANDLE ALL THE PURCHASES FOR THE FIRM I WAS ABLE TO STEAL $10,000 BY USING SUBSTITUTES ON THAT AMBUTAL ORDER. BUT WHAT GOOD WILL IT DO ME IF I HAVE TO DO A STRETCH IN PRISON?
IF HE EVER DISCOVERS THE MISTAKE I MUST'VE MADE WITH THAT AMBUTAL, HE CAN HAVE ME COMMITTED TO AN INSANE ASYLUM!
GOING SOMEPLACE, BENSON? NOT LIKE YOU TO TAKE THE AFTERNOON OFF...
OH..ER... NOT FEELING UP TO SNUFF, DEAN! THOUGHT I'D KNOCK OFF EARLY!
ABNER BENSON
HE KNOWS! PROBABLY GETTING SET TO CALL THE AUTHORITIES RIGHT NOW! I..I HAVE TO HURRY...

HE'S CAUGHT WISE! ON HIS WAY TO THE COPS RIGHT NOW.. TO SPILL THE WHOLE STORY! NOT MUCH TIME LEFT...


I...I'VE GOT TO BE SURE BEFORE I ACT! MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING AROUND HIS OFFICE TO GIVE ME THE TIP-OFF...
ABNER BENSON


HMMM... SEEING AN AWFUL LOT OF HIS LAWYER THE PAST FEW DAYS! THAT PROVES IT! IF HE THINKS HE CAN TURN ME OVER TO THE LAW AND GET AWAY WITH IT, HE'S OUT OF HIS MIND! I'LL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING... TONIGHT!
1952 NOV.


THE BLACK-OUTS AND LAPSES OF MEMORY YOU DESCRIBE ARE SIGNIFICANT, MR. BENSON. THEY INDICATE A SERIOUS PRESSURE ON YOUR BRAIN...

EXACTLY WHAT I FEARED! I DON'T WISH TO ALARM YOU... BUT UNLESS REMEDIAL TREATMENT IS BEGUN IMMEDIATELY, THINGS WILL GET PROGRESSIVELY WORSE!

W-WHAT HE MEANS IS THAT I'M.. GOING.. MAD! I'LL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING... T-TONIGHT!
DR. RICHARD HOBB BRAIN SURGERY

WHILE ABNER BENSON HURRIES HOME, HIS PARTNER IS ALSO ON THE MOVE...
GOT TO GET TO BENSON'S PLACE IMMEDIATELY...STOP HIM FROM DOING WHAT HE PLANS! IT'S HIM...OR ME!
HE'S HOME... GOOD! LUCKY FOR ME HE SHIPPED HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER OFF TO FLORIDA A WEEK AGO! HE'S ALL ALONE!
FRONT DOOR'S OPEN! BENSON'S GETTING AWFULLY CARELESS... MUST BE UNDER A LOT OF MENTAL ANGUISH TRYING TO WRITE FINISH TO MY CAREER, WITHOUT GETTING BURNED HIMSELF!
AT THAT MOMENT, ABNER BENSON HAD JUST COMPLETED WRITING...
EVERYTHING'S SET NOW! I'LL BE OUT OF THIS TROUBLE IN ANOTHER MINUTE, IF THINGS GO ACCORDING TO PLAN...
LUCKY FOR ME THAT MONA AND THE KID ARE IN FLORIDA! THIS WAY THEY'LL ESCAPE ALL THE UNPLEASANT PUBLICITY...
D-DEAN... W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
EVENING, BENSON...SURPRISED TO SEE ME, AREN'T YOU? THOUGHT YOU'D PULL YOUR LITTLE STUNT WITHOUT ANY INTERFERENCE, EH? YOU'RE IN FOR A SHOCK! A DEADLY SHOCK!

N-NOTHING YOU CAN SAY WILL STOP ME FROM WHAT I'M GOING TO DO, DEAN!
DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, BENSON... I'M HERE TO CHANGE THAT SCRIPT YOU'VE BEEN WRITING...
P-PLEASE DON'T INTERFERE WITH ME ..IT'S B-BETTER THIS WAY!
HEH HEH! SURE IS.. FOR YOU! BUT I'M GOING TO EDIT THAT SCRIPT OF YOURS...
...SO THAT YOU NEVER TALK AGAIN!
N-NO...Y-YOU'RE MAKING A TERRIBLE MISTAKE! I'M THE ONE WHO... AGHHHHH!
YOU'LL NEVER SING TO THE POLICE NOW, YOU CRUMMY STOOL! YOU MUST'VE BEEN CRAZY TO THINK I'D LET YOU GET AWAY WITH IT!
W-WHAT'S THAT HE'S GOT IN HIS HAND? IT LOOKS LIKE..IT IS.. A GUN! HE MUST'VE KNOWN I WAS COMING TO SETTLE SCORES TONIGHT!
H-HE WAS READY FOR ME..WITH A LOADED GUN HIDDEN UNDER THE BLANKETS! ONLY HE DIDN'T HAVE THE GUTS TO PULL THE TRIGGER...DIDN'T EVEN HAVE ENOUGH COURAGE TO SAVE HIS OWN LIFE!

SAY! GIVES ME AN IDEA! I'LL USE HIS OWN GUN ON BENSON... MAKE IT LOOK AS IF HE COMMITTED SUICIDE! IF THEY QUESTION ME I CAN SHOW THE POLICE OUR BOOKS... CLAIM IT WAS BENSON WHO CHEATED ON THAT AMBUTAL SHIPMENT!
THE GUN YOU EXPECTED TO USE, BENSON.. IS GOING TO BE USED AFTER ALL! AND WITH THE SAME DEADLY EFFECT...
GOODBYE, BENS...
AIEEEEE!
BA-DOOOM!
THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION HURLED HERB DEAN BACKWARDS, TOWARD HIS DEAD PARTNER'S DESK...
.. WHERE HIS LIFELESS FINGERS TOUCHED THE SHEET OF PAPER ON WHICH THE LATE ABNER HAD WRITTEN HIS LAST WORDS...
LND

AFTER LARS ANDRE ROBBED THE MOOSEJAW TRADING POST, HE DECIDED TO PUT HIS FUTURE IN...

DEEP FREEZE

ALL RIGHT, BOYS.. STOP YOUR TEETH FROM CHATTERING LONG ENOUGH TO GET THOSE PELTS OUT OF YOUR STORE-ROOM AND ONTO MY SLED!

YOU'RE CRAZY, ANDRE! THESE FURS HAVE OUR SERIAL NUMBERS STAMPED ON THE HIDES...

MOOSEJAW POST

GIL HORALES

TOO SMART FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, KENDRICK... FOR YOUR BRAINWORK, HERE'S A MEDAL TO WEAR ON YOUR CHEST!

BLAM

YAAAKCC

JUST DUMP THOSE FURS ON THE SLED, ALISON... IT'S THE LAST LOAD AND I WON'T BE NEEDING YOU ANY MORE!

NOBODY LEFT AT THE TRADING POST.. AND MY CROSSING THE GLACIER OUGHTTA DESTROY MY TRAIL FOR ANY OTHER SNOOPERS! C'MON, YOU HUSKIES... *MUSH!* WE'VE GOT MILES TO GO YET!

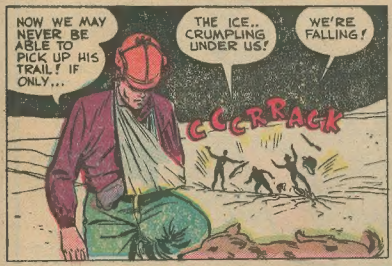
I WON'T NEED YOU *MUTTS* ANY MORE. NOW THAT YOU'VE LUGGED THE STUFF THIS FAR, YOUR VALUE IS FINISHED!

POW POW POW

BURIED HERE IN THE GLACIAL ICE, THESE PELTS ARE AS SAFE AS THEY'D BE IN A BANK VAULT! THE COLD'LL KEEP 'EM FROM DETERIORATING.. AND NO ONE WILL EVER SEE 'EM UNTIL I COME BACK TO DIG THE FURS UP!

AND NOW.. IN CASE ANYONE DOES SUCCEED IN FOLLOWING MY TRAIL, A LITTLE UNPLEASANT SURPRISE WILL BE WAITING! CHOPPING THROUGH THIS THICK ICE IS HARD WORK.. BUT IT'S WORTH THE BACK-BREAKING EFFORT!

THERE IT IS.. THE TRAP'S FINISHED NOW! WHEW.. I'M TIRED. THINK I'LL JUST STRETCH OUT HERE FOR A FEW MINUTES.. TAKE A LITTLE SNOOZE THEN MOVE ON...


NOW WE MAY NEVER BE ABLE TO PICK UP HIS TRAIL! IF ONLY...
THE ICE.. CRUMPLING UNDER US!
WE'RE FALLING!
CCCRRACK

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, A TRACKING PARTY LABORS ACROSS THE GLACIER...
LUCKY THE BIG SNOWFALL OF THE PAST FEW DAYS DIDN'T OBLITERATE HIS TRAIL! THE FREEZE MUST'VE KEPT THE PAW PRINTS INTACT...
THERE.. STRAIGHT AHEAD! HIS DOGS.. AND THEY LOOK AS IF.. DEAD!

YOUR BEING WITH US SAVED OUR LIVES, ALISON.. WE'D HAVE DIED DOWN HERE IN THIS CREVASSE! I'VE GOT A HUNCH ANDRE PLANNED THIS!
UNDER YOUR BOOTS.. L-LOOK!

GOOD LORD! ANDRE.. FROZEN SOLID! MUST HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP AND...
DIED! IN HIS OWN DEEP FREEZE!

"I killed that Cop!"

. . . said the SCANDAL-HUNGRY BRUNETTE. Was she lying? Was she "screwy"? Or was she really guilty?

Janet Stahl was the fanciest-looking manicurist on Manhattan Island and . . . and the craziest, too! She "confessed" that SHE killed the cop—because he made a pass at her. Was she lying just to get her name in the papers? Or was she telling the truth? NERO WOLFE has to find out fast—*before murder strikes again!* A terrific thriller! Don't miss TRIPLE JEOPARDY by *Rex Stout*.

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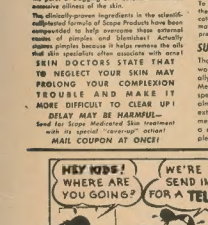

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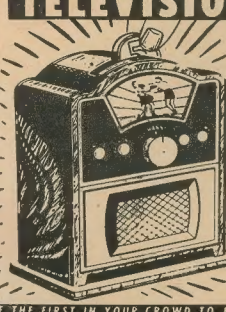

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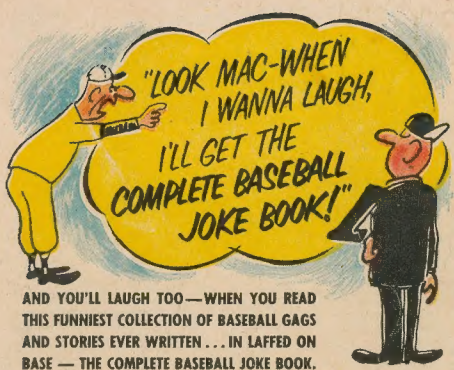

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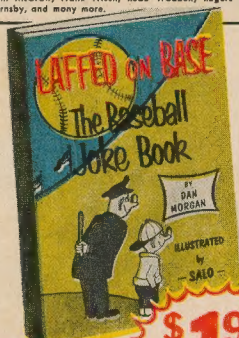

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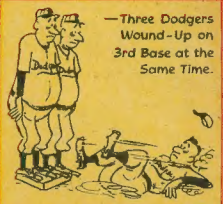

—Three Dodgers Wound-Up on 3rd Base at the Same Time.

OR WHEN . . .

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OR WHEN . . .

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